

THE GRYPHON

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"The Gryphon never spreadeth her wings in the sunne when she hath any sicke feathers: yet have wee ventured to present our exercises before your judgements when wee know them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the curtesie which wee have ever found than to the preciseness which wee ought to feare."—LYLY.

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At the present time, it is not enough to exist. One must vindicate one's right to existence. We are a University magazine and our aim is to be representative of our University in all its aspects, to show what we are, what we do and what we can do; to keep a record of student life, and of those things which concern the University as a whole; to contain ideas and echoes of what a modern University is striving to be. Our war records, our records of social activity, our society reports show what we are doing. Our poetry, new style and old, our drawings, our literary articles, whose standard is, of course, a matter of personal opinion, typify what we as a University are producing. It is useless for readers and others to complain that the *Gryphon* contains nothing of interest for them if they make no attempt to remedy this inadequacy. "Contributor" whose letter we publish, seems to doubt the sincerity of our aim, in deprecating its results, complaining that the *Gryphon*

is becoming "a thing of threads and patches," and a receptacle for bad journalism. We should like to hear further opinions on the subject. We feel, however, that the unfounded charge against the *Gryphon* Committee should be refuted. Most of our contributions are supplied by hard-worked about-to-be-examined *officials*, who have a sense of *esprit de corps*. A word too about Society reports. It is not necessary to inscribe in the *Gryphon* an analytical study of each meeting, but an intelligent characteristic report is most certainly desirable as a record.

* * *

Our President, Mr. Milnes, has left us to take a commission with His Majesty's Forces. He carries with him our best wishes for the future as well as our thanks for the capable work he has already done during the short time of his presidency. He has a worthy successor in Mr. Lambert.

* * *

We wish to express our thanks to the various societies for their subscriptions towards the cost of the Roll of Honour, enabling us to publish it complete three times during the session.

Jean Piou-piou.—Impressions.

I HAVE still very vivid recollections of my first day in France: from early morning when I landed at Le Havre, until late evening, when I alighted at a lonely country station, and felt that at last I had arrived, that day was for me a continual series of surprises. And perhaps the greatest surprise of all was the French soldier.

It was at Rouen, I remember, where I first had leisure to notice the soldiers; and the comparison I involuntarily made between Jean Piou-piou and Tommy Atkins was distinctly unflattering to the former. Perhaps it was an unfortunate occasion for any comparison between British and French: having missed a connection by five minutes, then crossed the city to find I had still two hours to wait at the second station, I was at that moment seated in a confectioner's shop, drinking my first French tea, with the result that I was convinced more firmly than before of the superiority of the British nation. It was just at this point that a small company of soldiers passed along the street. They wore the holland trousers, baggy smocks, and little convict caps which complete Jean Piou-piou's *tenue de manœuvre*: and as they went by, pushing small hand-carts loaded with planks and ladders, they reminded me very forcibly of the band of window-cleaners who visit our halls of learning at rare intervals.

I saw no more soldiers for a fortnight: then I went to stay in a garrison town, where of course are always stationed those who are actually fulfilling the term of service demanded by the military regulations of the country. The soldiers at A—— were hussars and infantry—chiefly the latter. Every evening they crowded round the little tables on the pavement outside the *cafés*, taking their *bock* and discussing the

possibility of war. The pale blue tunics of the hussars, and the darker blue tunics and red trousers of the infantry gave a picturesque air to the town: but otherwise, the appearance of the French soldier was far from prepossessing. Contrasted with Tommy Atkins, especially Tommy Atkins on parade, as one generally saw him before the war, Jean Piou-piou was certainly not at all "smart."

Luckily, however, I had the privilege of seeing him from another point of view, a point of view from which I shall always regard him henceforward. In France much more than in England, I believe, one realised from the very first something of what war really did mean. When the tocsin sounded throughout the whole country the order for mobilisation, there were few homes from which at least one member would not depart; yet the calm attitude of the French people at this time was surprising. It was then I realized for the first time that a French person is not merely a creature of emotions, very gay and light-hearted when all goes well, and plunged into the depths of despair as soon as the least trouble comes.

In the town, the general feeling amongst the soldiers was one of satisfaction that at last the uncertainty of the past few days was at an end. These were of course the soldiers of the standing army—most of them about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age; and their joy and enthusiasm at the prospect of being sent out were great. In the villages, it was a question rather of 'reservists'—men who had completed their service, except for a certain number of days each year, and were now back at their former occupations. Even here, however, where in most cases the tocsin's message meant that the bread-winner must go, there were no complainings, no regrets. It was "When do you go, Jacques?" "In five days' time; and you?" "I've only to wait two: what are you taking with you?"

One little picture was described to us—in a little cottage by the road-side, a mother and father were seated at a small table, with a little girl between them: near the fire-place a tiny baby lay in its cradle. The father, a reservist, was spending his last evening at home before joining his regiment. Yet all three sat there in the firelight, calm and quiet, preparing *haricots* for next day's *déjeuner*: and all the while the father explained to his little girl how she must take his place until he came back again, and show herself a true daughter of France.

I had the good fortune, too, to witness a *revue* when the *Régiment 303 d'infanterie* was presented with its standard on the eve of its departure to the front. It was an imposing sight: a whole regiment drawn up in the *Place d'armes*, eagerly drinking in the speech of the general, who addressed them in words full of patriotism. How inspiring it was to see them as they marched past their standard—these Jean Piou-pious of all ages and all sizes, as it seemed. I do not suppose they looked "smart" even then; but one never thought of that; one thought only of the love of country shining in each face—whether of the younger ones, enthusiastic for battle, or of the older ones, who, though leaving wives and children to loneliness and



possibly to great poverty, showed no signs of regret as they prepared to make this supreme sacrifice. On every face was stamped the determination to die, if need be, in driving back the invader of their beloved land.

When the time came for their departure, the streets were once more lined with people. It was almost dark, except for a torch held here and there by a spectator. As they marched to the station, waving flags, and lustily singing *La Marseillaise* or *C'est l'Alsace qu'il vous faut*, gifts of fruit and flowers were poured upon them by the crowd. Many of them placed the flowers at the end of the rifle they shouldered—"and that is symbolic" said one French girl to me, "for they are still with their friends: but when they come in sight of the enemy, the flowers will be replaced by the bayonet."

In the days that followed, we saw many soldiers entrain for the front, the waggons—"horse-boxes," as our Tommies have christened them—being always decorated with branches of trees, bouquets, and flags. Even the engines would be decorated, and usually bore inscriptions, such as *Train de plaisir pour Berlin*: often, too, they were adorned with sketches of *Guillaume*—always with his moustaches turned down: it was rather curious that Jean Piou-piou always seemed to bear a grudge against them, and his greatest desire was to turn them down. It was always with hope that they set out: as they passed along the street they would cry *A tantôt, on reviendra*: or perhaps a soldier not yet departed would run alongside a chum for several yards, leaving him with the assurance, *On se reverra à Berlin*.

They were always hopeful, too, when they returned to us wounded. The first batch who arrived at our hospital were greatly disappointed at the quiet and subdued manner with which they were received—and some of these were almost overcome with fatigue.

In hospital, they were always ready for a jest, even when they lay in bed all day: when they were convalescent, their time was spent chiefly out-of-doors—innumerable card-parties took place under the trees, and innumerable histories were told of brave deeds done in the Ardennes, where most of our patients had been fighting.

The young French soldier of to-day is all eagerness for war: he entered on his training with an enthusiasm equal to that of any recruit. Many, I know, joined physical culture classes, and army preparation classes, so that they would be ready for the time when their *classe* should be called.

In barracks, though he may occasionally chafe at the monotony of barrack life, Jean Piou-piou is not without his diversions. One receives from him glowing accounts of tango teas—the orchestra being a clarionet, and the tea a concoction which even the French soldiers describe as weak—of feasts and concerts, suddenly stopped by the appearance of the sergeant-major, who nevertheless always finds Jean Piou-piou in bed, even though he has had to drag in with him flag, lantern, or musical instrument.

Of course he can tell you of heaps of practical jokes he has played. Here is an account of one, which took

place on one occasion when a platoon of *élèves-brigadiers* had been obliged to have their hair cropped. "I played a little trick on my chum, who like me has a head very much like those you see in butchers' shop windows. Well, last night, I bought some parsley, and whilst he was asleep I arranged it round his head. You should have heard the yells of laughter when the others awoke and saw it, with its beautiful frill of green parsley! You'd have thought it was a dish just served."

With perfect good humour, though, he is quite willing to make a joke at his own expense. Instead of recounting any, I merely add a pictorial account of one young soldier's experiences with a horse fresh from America.

In spite of such *distractions*, however, Jean Piou-piou's desire is usually to go to the front, where he feels he will really be doing something. "I am beginning to get bored here," says he, speaking of the town where he is quartered, "and I would like to be at the front. My best chum Jean, who belongs to the *classe* 1915 was to go amongst the first. I had decided I would go with him, so as soon as his departure was announced I gave in my name as a volunteer, and was accepted. But on the eve of our departure, the Captain informed me that I could not go, since I belonged to the *classe* 1916. You can imagine how disappointed I was."

Such vague impressions cannot do justice to Jean Piou-piou: let me end by saying that he is a worthy ally and comrade to Tommy Atkins.

Y.

A Note in Passing.

THERE is something inspiring about a surprise or a secret. Only receive the least suggestion of either of these, and immediately the whole being is alert with expectation. Indeed, man would lose his vigour and his youth long before he does were it not for the daily surprises that startle him into new life. A new morning, with bright skies and gleaming sunshine; an unexpected meeting with a friend; one moment of clear vision and inspiration: these are the things that gird us with strength. They are sudden and fleeting, and come to us when we least expect them; yet contradictory as it may seem, it is just these things we live for, and we court them constantly with Hope.

Nature has a way of her own of stealing upon us unawares. One would almost think she spent her time seeking opportunities to surprise us. The ploughman finds the lane dreary and long, and the blood flows but sluggishly in his veins till the blackbird pipes up cheerily from the hedge, and sets him whistling in tune. Autumn comes with its mists and damp, but the scarlet berries by the roadside brave the cold with a singular hardness, and startle us with their courageous message. Life is strained, and our minds are weighed down by the horror and sin of our own times, yet, let but the snow fall for a single afternoon, and we are given a new world to look upon; the heart is refreshed, and hope takes another bound within the soul.

Perhaps after all, there is a reason in these accidental things of nature. Let us fancy that there is. To do so puts a fine interpretation upon the commonplace things of life, at any rate. It gives new vision, kindles the spirit, and puts an edge upon the appetite for living. We need vision in these days: we need hope. Let us learn to love these little things that for so long have been counted unimportant; let us not be ashamed to cultivate a mind that sees beauty in the simple, and a purpose in that beauty: then, perhaps, we may become acquainted with Truth.

E.S.

The Beginnings of Medicine in Europe.

In reviewing the early state of Medicine in Europe and particularly in England, one is struck by its low and humble status in the period of general intellectual inactivity which followed the destruction of Roman power, and which persisted in Western lands for ten centuries. In the obscurity of this chasm, there is very little to be gleaned from the unimportant memorials which have survived and which would have passed unnoticed in better times.

The practice of medicine was almost entirely a monopoly of the Church, which made masses, penances and pilgrimages the chief articles of its *materia-medica*, and the endowment of ecclesiastical enterprise a most infallible panacea for bodily disease. Consecrated balderdash, the worst form of quackery, was credited with more curative virtues than the prescriptions of a modern physician. Papal restrictions were issued which prevented those who were interested in the study of medicine from gaining knowledge. On the pretence of guarding clerical purity all species of anatomical investigation were prohibited, and early surgery, such as it was, fell into illiterate and unskilled hands, much to the disadvantage of operators and patients.

Inquiring physicians were punished with death or banishment, or were condemned to the galleys and dungeons of the Inquisition, under the pretence of having practised supernatural magic.

In Ancient Britain what little knowledge abounded was in the hands of the Druids, and their progress in the acquisition of skill was warped by the absurd rites and incantations which were part and parcel of their craft. Perhaps they were acquainted with the medicinal properties of some plants, but there is very little evidence of any pre-eminence on their part in the art of healing. At the courts of those Welsh princes who managed to establish themselves beyond the reach of the English invaders there were certainly surgeons by profession. According to old Welsh laws they were accorded the "twelfth place of dignity," and had appointed fees for the operations and manipulations which they performed. So, for a simple flesh wound, the bloodstained garments of the patient became the property of the surgeon, who was also allowed a fee of one hundred and sixty pence. In the case of a serious wound the surgeon was paid one pound and his maintenance until a cure was

effected. This latter method of payment would probably be more effective in curing some modern neurasthenics than much physic. If the ancient physician used "red ointment" he was entitled to charge twelve pence for it.

In the South of Europe the Saracens taught a crude system of medicine, for the most part gleaned from very imperfect translations of Hippocrates and Galen. The Lombards and Normans settled in France and in the northern provinces of Italy, received a certain aggregation of knowledge which filtered through with Crusaders returning from the Holy Land. But particularly these Southern practitioners were followers of Hippocrates through Arabic translators. A son of William the Conqueror stayed at Salernum, the principal city of Lombardy for the cure of a wound received Crusading, and the Salernitan doctors, having a fine instinct for advertising, gained therefrom something of a reputation. This reputation was maintained from the seventh century to the thirteenth, when by public edict of the Emperor Frederick II., persons were prohibited from practising who had not been licensed under the Hippocratic Seal of Salernum.

In the twelfth century medicine was first studied as a science at the University of Oxford. The doctrines of the Southern European school were taught almost entirely by the clergy, who as usual were not slow in seizing a ready road to riches.

About this time practitioners were divided into three classes—physicians, surgeons and apothecaries, a division which probably came about as the result of certain ecclesiastical restrictions. And, curiously enough, the compounder of mixtures was thought more of than the physicians and surgeons, possibly because the magic and mystery he was supposed to be acquainted with, peculiarly recommended him to the superstitions and ignorant reverence of the times. For instance, the chief apothecary to Henry II. was appointed to the bishopric of London.

In the fourteenth century a sudden but short-lived light was shed upon medicine by the Franciscan monk Roger Bacon, a fearless truth-seeker of great scientific attainments. He wrote some eighty treatises, but his work was soon obscured by the monkish jealousy of the times, and he was convicted on an accusation of practising magic and imprisoned. In England, at any rate, there was an immense distance between this first of our experimental philosophers, and his more immediate successors, which is marked by a lapse into the blackness of bad reasoning and faulty conjecture, which had characterised the superstitious trifling of the past.

The blighting influence of Catholic ecclesiasticism was still felt. Hugo of Evesham was made a Cardinal because of his skill in medicine, and Henry the third's physician was made Bishop of Durham for the same reason. The Pope conferred a bishopric on another English doctor, during his abode in Italy, but as this gentleman had composed an epitaph for the tomb of Petrarch, his elevation may not have been due to his skill in medicine.

Chaucer has left a humorous description of an old English physician. He is an exact counterpart of the astrological magician of more modern times, whose stock-in-trade of magic and stuffed crocodiles and skulls and love potions was wonderfully successful in its appeal to the credulity of the laity. The urinal which is a feature of Chaucer's description was only an attempt on the part of the more careful practitioners, to pretend to more peculiar skill; which pretence gained for them perhaps, more success than they ever merited.

With the revival of learning in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was associated indirectly some little progress in medical knowledge. Linacre was born at Canterbury in 1460, took his degree in medicine at Oxford and was dignified in later life by the title of physician to Henry VII. One of the most illustrious followers of Linacre was John Kay, who was a great benefactor to anatomy, in that he provided the College of Physicians with the means of dissecting the bodies of two criminals annually. He served still more the interests of science by his munificence to Gonville College, Cambridge—which has testified its gratitude by coupling the Latin equivalent of his name, Caius, with that of its original founder.

In the fifteenth century also was born at Geneva, that strange combination of scientist and astrologer, Paracelsus. He was a violent revolutionist as regards medicine, and was driven to lead a wandering life by the hostility he provoked. Still, he contributed a good deal by his knowledge and practice in the direction of a more scientific study of nature. He renounced the teaching of Galen, and introduced a new division of matter into three elementary principles—salt, sulphur, mercury. The colouring matter of the blood he called red sulphur, that of bile, green sulphur, that of fat, yellow sulphur.

Van Helmont, one of the pre-eminent founders of modern chemistry, was one who devoted his early years to the study of medicine. He was more or less a follower of Paracelsus and consequently mixed a good deal of alchemy and astrology with his discoveries. He ended his researches in Physiology by locating the stomach as the seat of the Soul.

In 1517 the star of medicine was in the ascendant, for in this year was born the illustrious Ambrose Paré, the father of modern surgery. Because of his skill he was saved from the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and in the French wars of that time he had much practice in the treatment of gunshot wounds, and was particularly noted for his success as an operator and for his skill in ligaturing torn arteries. He discarded the treatment of boiling oil for suppurating wounds, which had hitherto been in use. He was in the habit of saying of any patient he had successfully treated, "I cared for him, Nature healed him." His practice had the greatest influence upon the surgery of all lands.

From the beginning of the sixteenth century onwards we meet with men whose names are still to be found associated with the nomenclature of medicine. The principal demonstrator of anatomy at this period

was Sylvius, a professor at Paris, many of whose pupils carried the zest for anatomical investigation into various countries. The most eminent of these was Vesalius, who, the product of a long line of medical ancestors, was chosen professor at Louvain in 1534. Before he was thirty he published a volume of anatomical plates. It was he too, who overcame much opposition and prejudice and established the custom of the dissection of the human body as part of a surgeon's training. He was apparently the first body-snatcher, for he used to steal corpses from gibbets and churchyards, and dissect them at dead of night. The Church, of course, with its usual mental obfuscation, represented him as a sacrilegious monster, and condemned him to be burnt. He managed to escape by taking a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. On his way back he was shipwrecked and died from starvation.

Following hard upon Vesalius were Servetus (a martyr to Calvin's zeal), Fallopius of Padua, Eustachius, Bartholin, who made anatomy fashionable in the schools of Northern Europe.

Marcus Aurelius Severinus, a teacher of anatomy at Naples, left a treatise upon abscesses and tumours. About the same period Alpinus of Padua, succeeded in forming a regular science of botany. Fernelius, a physician to Henry VIII. had the distinction of publishing a treatise on pathology, the teaching of which spread over Europe.

In England towards the end of the Sixteenth Century, medicine was in a troubled state owing to the disputes between Galenists and others, and as late as the reign of James I. there survived a good deal of alchemical quackery. But this period is chiefly notable for the name of Goulston—the founder of an annual lecture on pathology still read at the Royal College of Physicians.

In 1620 Harvey published his demonstration of the circulation of the blood, which although sceptically received, rapidly surmounted all relics of prejudice and cast tremendous illumination upon physiological researches. Harvey became court physician and attended Charles I. at the battle of Edgehill.

Of the progress of medicine after Harvey it would require a volume to consider even. There arise such names as de Graaf, Van der Linden, Bellini, Sir Thos. Browne, Willis, Lower (who published a treatise on the heart), and Sydenham, "the English Hippocrates." The latter was a great reformer of the healing art, and naturally in his time was regarded with much disfavour. He was contemporary with Locke and Boyle, and gained extensive practice by his study of the symptoms of disease, and his originality of treatment.

The remainder of the story of medicine is modern history, with which we are not at present concerned. It has made rapid strides and has risen from that obscurity, when, as Bacon wrote, it was: "more professed than laboured, and yet more laboured than advanced; the labour having been rather in a circle than in progression."

H.S.C.

Winter at Portelet.

CHRISTMAS at Portelet! Winter where we had always known Summer, storm where we had sought for calm! And a strange winter too. A winter with chrysanthemums and newly-opening primroses, without frost, or snow, or ice: with warm drenching rain and a few rare thunderclouds. . . .

We had been wont to see from the bungalow a curving stretch of golden sand, burning in the summer heat, and enclosed by it, stretching away beyond its sheltering arms, the blue, blue water beneath a sapphire vault of heaven; and the sun playing in little glancing ripples on its surface, harmless wavelets spreading themselves out one beyond the other in lazy rivalry along the shore, little boats with their rich brown sails now skimming the surface airily, now rocking indolently beneath a breathless sky. But in winter all was changed. The sea, from our playmate of intimate sunny hours had become a creature strange and dread. Cold and grey and heaving it lay there, dull and ominous in its heavy silence. The little cockle-shells were drawn up high and dry on the beach; the rocks and the rough breakwater had a forlorn look; the sand, rain-beaten and flat, had changed its bright colour for a grey drab. Gorse-bushes, whose yellow blossoms had weighted the hot air with their scent in summer, closed up almond-shaped petals in winter and with them shut in their perfume. The pine trees with their crushed needles too were scentless; the heather, erstwhile a mauve mass on the hillside, changed its hue to a dreamy, mysterious purple; and pervading all was a fresh, earthy smell, as of soil after rain.

When the rain came it was torrential. It streamed down from leaden skies, and the wind lashed it into long silvery sheets that drove against the rocks, trees, and the little bungalow on the hillside, pitilessly beating down, wearing, . . . wearing out rocks, cliff and hill. The wind shrieked through the trees and swept wailing around the bay like the soul of some Peri, beating helpless wings against the gates of Paradise.

And the sea—Oh! the sea was wild! Those hitherto lazy wavelets were now mighty breakers, no longer contending playfully, but in grim earnest, gathering all the force of tons upon tons of water; rising, curving, shewing beneath their crest of foam a transparent luminous wall, green and treacherous as the light in the eyes of a panther, mysterious in its depth as a witches' crystal, curving, curving. Then a flash of gleaming white, a deafening thunder with flying spray, the rumble and roar of all its terrible weight, the white crawling froth that seemed to stretch hungry fingers farther inland, that it might grasp all within reach, then recede, drawing things back with it into the unknown surging swirl to cast them crashing down again with the next wave. . . . And seagulls, white fleeting forms, wheeling overhead with their strange mournful cry: the mingling sounds of the storm, whether from sea or land one could not tell, the breath-catching terror and wonder of it all, never to be forgotten!

Next morning all the coast would be serene and quiet. Far out a solitary lighthouse lent assurance, and below one's feet the sullen wavelets broke. Strewn along the beach and caught between the crevices of boulders and gigantic rocks grim relics told their dumb tale of the ravage. A broken spar, a splintered mast; tallow candles and bits of wicker-work, a boot, a child's doll with matted hair. . . . And the child?—The sea knew perhaps; that great swirling treacherous sea with its untold depths and mysteries, its cruelty and its tenderness, its playfulness and its cunning. Within the bar a few flat-bottomed boats which had remained at their moorings, were left at low tide, sodden and sunk, filled with water, and strange weeds entangled with curious shells, told of a long voyage at the mercy of the winds. Strange that the delicate spiral of this shell should be intact, and the tough well-built timbers of that ship crushed to atoms!

The pines had weathered the storm, but all other trees had suffered; there were great gaps in the rain-drenched hedges, and the grass and foliage at the edge of the cliff withered and shrunk away from the salt which the wind had carried to their roots during the night. The sun rose and shone down warmly on the havoc, a purple haze crept over the sea, veiling its sullen nakedness, and to lee-ward of the bungalow a few primroses lifted hopeful heads and drank in the new day's warmth.

M.C.M.

The Pledge of Spring.

Here in the wood the last of the leaves are falling,
Love is hushed to the strains of a sadder mood,
Through the grey air a lonely bird is calling,
Here in the wood.

Let not your lips be sealed by this woodland sorrow,
Drop no tears on summer's leaf-strewn bier;
Darkness and sleep, and then on a glorious morrow,
The spring is here.

For your eyes have foretold the glories of meadows and marshes,
The mist-hued hosts that shall dance on the grave of death,
And I know as you stoop how the wind shall stir the grasses,
With the scent of your breath.

And all your youth is a pledge that the spring is coming,
Your laughter is sweet with the music of mating birds,
And the air is full of the drowsy bees' rich humming,
When your lips find words.

Swift as your hands for comfort and caressing
Swallows shall flock o'er the sunlit seas from the south;
And all that June may give of bounty and of blessing,
Lies in the perfect rose,
The rose of your mouth.

PERSONNE.

ΕΥΛΟΓΟΥΜΕΝ

ATHOS
1915



At the "Ref."

Some Odd Impressions.

THERE is to be found in the heart of this smoky city a building which has its interests for a multitude. To it come men, women and children of every class, whose purposes vary in kind and degree. Some have an overdue gas-and-water-bill to settle; for others an altercation with the City Engineer is the aim in view. Others again wander around the galleries of art that here find their abode. Scorning fresh delights and Charlie Chaplin, they pay their respect to the pictures of the old school, and incidentally practise war-time economy.

But the activities of this many functioned edifice are yet more ambitious, and thus we find under its roof the haunts and even sojourn of the book-lover. [Let us explain that we employ the term "book" in its most liberal sense, comprehending all forms of literature from treatises on entomology to *Nash's*, from the works of Shaw to Government statistical returns, from the University Calendar to the *Police Court News*.]

* * * * *

The libraries are three in number, and provide literary food for as many classes of readers. The precincts of each would seem sacred, though nominally they are open to all. Rare is the person who seeks enlightenment in more than one; the omniverous being who frequents the three is well worthy of the term "cosmopolitan."

The Newsroom, though the most plebeian of the trio, boasts possession of the first floor. As if to offset this advantage, its uninviting entrance is situate in a narrow cross-street. Confronted by the back of some printing-works, hemmed in between the drab exterior of a cloth warehouse and the noisy depot of an obviously provincial dairy, the avenue to this realm of journalism is known only to the initiated.

Inside, everything to the newcomer seems dismal and lifeless. The array of notices urging silence do little to relieve the apparently dull monotony. But look closer, and at the risk of being thought inquisitive give a sidelong glance at the journals and another at their readers. "Every picture tells a story." Here is a young but broken man eagerly scanning the employment columns of a daily; there a pater-familias explaining to his offspring in an undertone the mysteries of the *Illustrated London News*. Further down the room a quondam actor, superficially spruce, is arrogantly turning over the leaves of the *Era*, the next chair being occupied by a diminutive chap, not yet in his teens, who finds amusement in the *Stage*, much to his neighbour's disgust.

A few yards away, a would-be superior person appears to be seeking information from the *Journal des Débats*; but nobody spares him a glance, and his efforts are wasted. The old men, scattered about, are busily engrossed in their *Blackwood* or *Cornhill*. They let their juniors struggle for a seat at the illustrated-weekly table, and pay no heed to the emphatic nods, and occasional exclamations of the ardent devourer of the *Socialist Review* or the *New Witness*. They read on in blissful contentment.

With life so short and space at a premium, we may not linger but must hurry on to the Lending Library, which exists on the floor above and is the most popular of the three. This time we enter through a more imposing portal, and if we have courage enough may persuade the lift-attendant to whirl us to our destination.

Everything here is prosaic in the extreme. The department for juveniles, placarded with the injunction of "Clean Hands Please," lays its claims elsewhere, while the domain of Garvice and Le Queux do not interest us. The saving-grace is revealed in the room labelled "Non-Fiction": for further particulars see Catalogue, obtainable at the counter. With a glance of pity for the over-worked assistants, we wend our way heavenwards to the Reference Library, vulgarly known as the "Ref."

* * * * *

If you are in search of knowledge and don't know where to acquire it, go to the "Ref." If you are a student of human nature and are in need of specimens of mankind, then certainly go to the "Ref." Each of the Seven Ages has its representative here. Even the "mewling and puking" infant has been known to pass through the doors dedicated to Bacon and Newton. The satchelled boy and girl, the khaki-clad warrior,—all find their way, and so on down to "the last scene of all." As an omnium-gatherum of human miscellanies the "Ref." stands unsurpassed.

Roughly speaking, we may distinguish three classes of "Ref." frequenters, those who use the place as a regular study, those, (few in number alas!) who employ it as a *reference* library, and those, an intermediate type, who for want of a better name may be termed "occasional." . . . But we are approaching dangerous ground and had better diverge.

* * * * *

The undergraduate is always in prominence, when not in quantity at any rate in noise—despite the rule of "no talking" and the loving attention of the male librarians. Go in at any time, preferably before terminals, and you will inevitably discover delegates from College Road.

For some reason or other, criticisms of English literature seem to be most popular. See over there a group of Hostel girls—beg pardon, women—gormandising on the golden honeyed words of Saintsbury. Never a look for the admiring spectator, never a glance except at each other and the clock, they are too absorbed in their "work" to allow of mundane interference. With supercilious disdain they permit the topical mags to be monopolised by the mere men, nominal students of mathematics and chemistry.

A formidable rival to "English" books is that volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* comprising DEM-EDW. We were sorely puzzled by the keen contests for that educative tome until we learned the secret of those well-thumbed pages. More than once have we beheld a pathetic figure staring dolefully at the gap between Volumes VII. and IX. Some colleague has been there first and is now smugly transcribing away for dear life.

Do not think for one moment, gentle reader, that the undergrad is supreme among the Referites. The "Ref." is essentially an ultra-democratic institution. Youngsters vie with their elders in "referring" to translations of Cæsar; meantime decrepit ancients, who having once wandered from the Newsroom now make the "Ref." their resort, greedily consume the *Lancet*, while the lordly medical waits on.

Old and young, rich and poor, learned and illiterate, —all are equal 'neath the figure of Shakespeare who ever gazes approvingly on the diverse throng below.

PHILISTINE.

Pipette.

Charmé mon cœur,
Plein de bonheur;
'suis en chaleur,

Pipette.

Grands yeux jolis
Bouche qui sourit
M'ont tout épris,

Pipette.

Tu m'as parlé:
"Viens m'embrasser."
Oui, volontiers,

Pipette!

Quel désespoir!
Après ce soir
Ne puis-je plus voir

Pipette?

Grâce à E——y
Pourtant, elle vit
Dans mon esprit,

Pipette.

Y.

Answers to Correspondents.

O.T.C.—See reply to HOSTELLITE.

MONKEY BRAND.—In the November issue of *The Gryphon* for 1913 we said, "The curtains in the Great Hall are going to be washed next Shrove Tuesday." Like the Prime Minister, we never make ambiguous statements, and we hope we have not created any false impressions as to the Shrove Tuesday we had in mind.

OLD MOORE AND OTHERS.—The young lady you mention is not an inmate of the Women's Hall of Residence, nor does she dine there.

M.E. S-S.—We are unable to fathom the purport of the corridor decoration you mention. It may be a picture.

HOSTELLITE.—Snowballing is childish.

C.U. SOCIAL.—We believe Mr. Fletcher's voice is quite natural—he always sang so. Yes! there *were* rather a lot of jellies.

PERPLEXED.—No! We do not translate Latin Compositions. Ask the H.P.'s boy. You omitted to enclose our fee.

SPRATT'S.—We are unable to state what Sergeant Gordon eats. It is rude to use the word "bark" in this connection.

The Night Advance.

By SAPPER.

THERE was a kink backward in the front line for a distance of 2,000 yards. During the last advance the Turkish resistance had been very severe along the — Division front, and the attackers were compelled to "dig in" some 300 yards behind the main new line. On our left the line curved forward and joined up with the 5th —, and on the right we were linked up with the French.

The 1st Field Coy. Engineers were down in their base camp a mile and a half behind the firing line. Nothing much had happened during the day. The Turks from behind Kuithea had sent over a few salvos of shrapnel, and some old 4.7" lead-covered shells had dropped near the camp from the hill.

The Australian Battery just behind us had been pretty busy with her 18-pounders; and those marvellous guns, the French 75's, the surprise of this war, had been spitting away all day, waking up the Turks in their trenches, and breaking up a few of their earth-works.

"Asiatic Ann" had been more than usually quiet. She began the day by sending over a few startlers. The wind was blowing from the south-east and we could hear the firing of the gun, then the whistling of the shell as it came over the Dardanelles, and finally the "gar-umph" as the shock of the explosion reached us from the French camp, or the open hillside, for the gunners were apparently firing haphazardly.

When we hear that distant pop across the water, and we are down at the base, everyone looks out. It is not much good getting out of the way unless you have a funk-hole jolly handy, for in a second, over she comes, "swish" right over our heads, and into the bank behind, not twenty feet away—a "dud." Look out though; here comes another. This time no "dud" either, but lucky for us, she lands further off. A huge cloud of dust, earth and bits of earth fly into the air, and gar-rumph comes the noise and the concussion.

The Asiatic gun we don't like is the 6" one that sends over a deuced high velocity shell. We call her the "Velocipede." And, by Jingo, if she comes anywhere near you, you don't get the ghost of a chance. She is probably a Naval gun with armour piercing shells, for very often on striking the earth the shells don't explode. The velocity is so high and the trajectory so straight that a dud will often ricochet a mile.

But we are digressing. About seven o'clock a British cruiser steamed up the Straits dropping a few 6" shells near Asiatic Annie, which stopped her spitting at us for the rest of the day.

Tea being over, most of the men were cleaning the bully-beef and biscuit stew out of their billy-cans, with the aid of sand and a stick. As it is so hot at mid-day, we have our principal meal in the evening now. Of course in the early days we had to grub where and when we could; but now we have a camp-kitchen and a cook at our base camp, so whenever we are "down" we have great feeds.

Do you know that a jolly good stew can be made with bully beef and biscuits. You mix up the broken bits of biscuit and meat, and add water (also dried vegetable, if you are fortunate enough to have any). Boil and stir and *voilà* a fine stew. With the same ingredients broken up smaller and without water, a rissole can be made.

A misguided man in the commissariat department, once decided to include Maconachie Rations in the list for the Gallipoli troops. Now Mr. Maconachie, I gather, lives in Scotland, which has a colder climate than our bonny Peninsula. Excellent as these rations may be in Scotland, they do not agree with us here. The exact weight of the ingredients inside is inscribed on the outside of each box, so many ozs. of meat, fat, sliced potatoes, carrots, etc.

Once on a time we could "swop" Maconachie's with the Frenchmen for coffee or rice, and sometimes, oh, joy of joys, a tin of condensed milk. But now, you should see the Frenchie's face when we hold up one of those round tins.

No, for exchange purposes we have to fall back on our ration of jam. We get one pot per day for four men. This can be husbanded, especially when it is plum and apple, the old favourite with the War Office. But recently we have been favoured with marmalade, damson, and some very inferior apricot. It has been rumoured that black currant jam has been seen. Once I looted a pot of strawberry jam from an A.S.C. man's private store. I accidentally discovered it one day when we were making a road down at the base.

As I was saying, tea was over, and in our dugout the conversation was about the night's work. The order had just come round, that in half an hour we were to file out, with rifle and 50 rounds, past the sandbag pile, and each man was to pick up five sandbags.

The sun was just setting behind the rocky hills of Imbros, as we passed out, section by section, across the open space to the mule-track that ran up the valley by the side of the stream. We were a motley crew. Some wore service hats, some woollen comforters, and one or two had sun helmets, tunics undone, rifle slung over the left shoulder and the five sandbags tucked under our right arms. Most of us had our webbing equipment with our water-bottles well filled, and some bread and cheese in the haversack, for we were to be out all night.

Before leaving, the section sergeant had explained what we were to do. The line was to be straightened out and before morning the infantry must be well dug in along the new line. Men had gone out previously with two lanterns, one for each end of the line. The lantern men were to go out at dark and take up positions already fixed on. They were then to shine their lanterns inward. The engineers were to get over the parapet and line up at ten paces interval between the lamps, section commanders to see that inequalities of the ground were allowed for, but the general straightness of the line was to be kept. Each engineer was to see that where he was placed a traverse was to be made. His five sandbags

marked the position, and were later to be incorporated in the parapet of the traverse.

How I hated the frogs that croaked as we passed up the valley. They reminded me of my first night out on the Peninsula, when they croaked, croaked, all night long in that deadly Shrapnel Gully.

We turned off across the bridge we had made in the early days into No. — communication trench, and zig-zagged along it to the firing line. It was just getting dusk when we reached it. A captain of infantry was explaining to a group of N.C.O.'s the Major's orders for the night's work. This group soon dispersed to carry on the orders to the men. Along came the scout officer to talk things over with the captain. It was the duty of the scouts to take up a position just in front of the engineers, to keep a good look out for any big movement on the part of the Turks. All was quiet except for the continual ping, ping, of bullets from snipers' rifles right down the line. Now and again one came swishing over the parapet, or struck a sandbag, scattering earth on our heads.

The scouts had slipped over the parapet and disappeared in front, the lantern men had taken up their positions and it was time for us to start. The order came "Over you go, boys" and one by one we cleared the parapet, and doubled out in extended order on the other side, taking up our positions lying down. All men were over in a minute, without a casualty.

Other sections had got over further down the line. We were on the extreme right in contact with the French. Our right-hand man would fix his traverse by the lantern.

Lying down here we were safe from the bullets, as the Turks were firing high. We lay for nearly an hour before the order came to advance. Once a fierce fusillade of Turkish bullets came over. We found out later that they had spotted the lantern and so had guessed that something was up. The bullets whistled and hissed overhead, but all were high and no one was hit.

The firing quietened down and we doubled forward, taking care to keep in touch with each other, as it was very dark. Stumbling over prickly bushes, past dead Turks, we at last came to a slight depression in the ground.

"Down you go, boys," came the command from the sergeant, given in a hoarse whisper. Down we dropped and lay in this damp hollow, while the sergeant went out to find the position of the light.

While he was away the Turks started firing rapidly again. We were now fairly near them and the explosion of the charge in their Mauser rifles sometimes sounded like 200 piano wires breaking at once, all in discord. We could smell the powder, too, for the breeze was blowing from their lines.

When the sergeant left us he crawled along to our right, advancing at the same time. The ground rose slightly in front, affording a little shelter from the Turkish bullets. Presently about 20 yards away to the right he saw a dark mass, that might have been a low spreading bush, or a Turkish outpost, or the

lantern party. No lantern was showing. He wormed his way along through the prickly grass until fairly close and then listened.

Yes, great good luck ; it was the lantern party.

"'Ullo Pat."

"'Ullo, keep down, the bullets are buzzing over here."

"All right, what's up with the lantern?"

The sergeant crawled up and lay beside the lantern party. They were behind a ridge about eighteen inches high, which just kept the bullets off if men crouched low. They hadn't entrenching tools with them and so couldn't improve the position.

"Look here. Right through the blooming lantern." We had got over the ridge when the blighters spotted us, and turned a maxim on. "We got a shot through the lantern, which put 'im out all right. As the lamp wasn't no good we thought it 'ealthier to get behind the ridge."

"What about the position? Have you seen the other light?" the sergeant asked.

"We saw it once, its about one finger to the right of that tall tree over there. Our position is bang right in front about 50 yards out. See that telegraph pole over there. No, not that one, the one further on."

"Yes."

"Well, when we were out there we noticed that it was in line with our left lamp."

"Righto, I'm off."

"Keep well down" were the parting words the sergeant heard as he crawled back to the ditch where his section lay.

Before leaving he had sent his corporal out to get in touch with the section on his left. This he had managed to do all right, and had brought back the sergeant of that section. After explaining matters the section crawled forward, keeping a sharp lookout on the telegraph pole.

"Stop, mark your traverses here." The order came whispered down the line, for we had advanced at ten paces interval.

A rumble behind, a chatter now and again of a spade striking a rifle; the infantry; good. In a few seconds they were up with us, an indistinct mass of seething men. Down they dropped and started digging away with their entrenching tools.

"Come along, six men between the traverses. Hey, you, don't dig there. Here you are." Each engineer was in charge of the section of trench to the right of his traverse. In five minutes the men had the turf off, and were making good progress in the earth below. Each man had three sandbags and these he first filled and placed in front of him to serve as a protection from bullets. The engineer borrowed an entrenching tool and attacked the traverse, marking out the width of the trench by taking off the turf.

In fifteen minutes the men had got low enough to work with a pick and a shovel. How they worked! There is nothing like bullets to make a man dig.

Now and again word was passed along for an ambulance man, but our work went on just the same. By twelve we were well down and then rested a short time to eat our bread and cheese.

About three o'clock when the traverses had been cut round, and the parapet built up firmly, the order came along "Engineers to fall back on the main trench."

We put on our gear, picked up our rifles, and moved back along one of the new communication trenches, that had been dug by another working party, under the charge of some of our engineers. These communication trenches had proved a costly job, as they were partly enfiladed by the Turkish fire.

Soon we were back in the old trench which we lined, and awaited orders. Here we met a few men of other sections.

The inevitable question, "Any of your chaps hit?" Seldom we got a negative answer. It had been a bad night for us.

The order came along "File out into No. 10 Communication Trench." We were tired and the way seemed long through those winding and twisting trenches; but we trudged on each keeping in sight the man in front, the bullets singing overhead when they were high, or swishing past when they just cleared the parapet close at hand.

At a place where the trench was wide we passed a stretcher with a man on it huddled up. Two of our men were standing by. They had lost their hats.

"Who is it?" I asked as we hurried by.

"Robbie."

"How is he?"

"Dead."

That chap was the idol of his section and a great favourite in the company. Keen, alert, ever jovial, and ready to lend a hand, he was one of the men we missed most.

We gave a sigh of relief as we left the communication trench for the mule track by the stream. Not long now. The frogs were still croaking and the reeds rustled in the breeze; above, Sirius shone brightly in the black sky. Now and again a bullet would pass through the reeds and bury itself in the bank with a thud, frightening an old frog, who would plop into the water.

At last we were back at our base camp and dispersed. Rolled up in our blankets with a waterproof sheet underneath, we watched the stars twinkle for a few seconds and then with a sigh of contentment turned over and were fast asleep.

Oh what luxury to have a dug-out of your own! Have you slept for weeks in a firing line trench, with its stench and filth and flies, men passing all the time, sometimes stepping on you? In the heat of the day the sun pours down, and if you have been working all night, you look in vain for a quiet cool place wherein to sleep, or at any rate rest. Then you know the luxury of a dug-out down at the base-camp, even if "Asiatic Annie" does annoy you a little.

Two Poems from Wordsworth.

(Translated.)

I.

I wandered heavy as a cloud,
That decks the Moor with sooty streaks,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host in shirts and khaki breeks;
Beside the Gym, beneath the trees,
Standing and shivering in the breeze.
Superior as their great C.O.,
And nearly as majestic too;
They stood like heroes in a row,
And told each other what to do.
Ten twenties saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in spritely dance.
And one before them jumped, but they
Outdid old Mason Clarke with glee:—
So elegant! but that's the way
They do all in the O.T.C.
And once they danced a Highland Fling,
And then they hopped like anything.
And oft when near the 'phone I lie,
Sleepless, pensive, sad, and chill,
I then remember with a sigh
That Swedish is a warmer drill.—
But soon some restless villain rings
And turns my thoughts to nameless things.

II.

—A Simple Child,
That hardly knows its A.B.C.;
How can it understand its mind,
And even more an O.T.C.
I met a pretty N.C.O.,
He was seventeen, he said:
Last year he was at school; but now
He men of thirty led.
He could assume a knowing air,
One stripe he also had:
And should you hear him bawl, you'd swear
He'd very soon go mad.
"And with your brother N.C.O.s,
How many may you be?"
"How many?—Seven in all;" he said,
"And we're the O.T.C."
"But where are they, my little man?"
And he to me replied:
"Oh, one of them is on the way
To get a star," he cried.
"For he was promised it," he said,
"About seven months ago:
And I at least a year before,
And so we ought to know."
"Another saw a Major in
The Territorial Force:
And he's done six months' training, sir,
So he'll get in, of course!"
"The fifth was told some day he'd be
Gazetted: therefore some
Since he's been waiting nine months now—
Believe it soon will come."

"And number six is in the Corps,
And his is certain too,
For what are corps created for,
Unless to give them you?"

"But number seven has grown more wise,
No shadows he'll pursue:
He'll wait in vocal splendour, till
Their promises come true."

"So we are seven now," he said,
"And we'll be seven, until
Our Papers are at last sent up,
And then eleven months still."

"We'll e'er be seven!" he cried: and though
I said their country'd *hev 'em*,
'Twas throwing words away: for still
That pretty child would have his will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

E.H.

"Self—Journalist."

I WAS a Twirp!

Even the veriest Fresher knows that to be merely
a synonym for "Medical."

One day, however, all was changed. The
"Gryphon" published a small article of mine, which
wasn't even an imitation of Kipling!

I was no longer a Twirp!

I was a Journalist!

But people didn't know to whom my initials
belonged, so how was I to let them know I was a
Journalist?

All night long I pondered—lying sleepless on the
restless pillow of subconsciously conceived ideas as to
the means of attaining the lofty summits of Fame—
to grasp with greedy talons and hungry soul, the
unutterable glories—[*Yes! that sort of thing will come
best by practice, old fellow!*—ED.]

Anyway, I felt I must let people know! But how?

Oh! I knew!

Hair straight back.—Large bow tie.—Huge curved
pipe and strong baccy.—And oldest sports jacket and
flannel unmentionables.

I tried it next morning.

Pater was surprised at the speed with which I
dressed—until he saw me! You know these elder
people without the Bohemian artistic Temperament
are far too practical. Pater suggested my seeing a
"Vet." as soon as he saw me reading Ruskin instead
of the usual "Morning Post."

There must have been something else wrong too,
for when the maid came in and caught sight of me,
she spilled the hot water over the dog.

Incidents such as these become apparent to the
quick, trained eye of a Journalist!

Coming down in the car, I tried the curved pipe
and strong baccy.

These, and the Bohemian Temperament must be totally incompatible, however, judging by results, for ere I arrived at College Road, I— [Yes, you know, but we can't publish that.—ED. Alright! cut it out! These are just facts to fill up. Nobody'll miss 'em.—R.J.D.]

When I arrived in the "College Road Branch" of the University somebody recognised me, but there seemed to be some joke on as I entered, and I went straight into the cloak-room.

Really, I couldn't work under these new conditions, so I determined to stroll about finding something to journalise. But what? I went down the Long Corridor, (really there did seem to be some good jokes going, wherever I went that morning, judging by the cackle!) with a scribbling-pad in one hand, and a pencil behind my ear, till I found the very thing!

The new "Futuro-Impressionist" painting hanging near the V.C.'s rooms.

Out came the pad, and down came the pencil.

I stared at the picture.

When nobody was looking I did "Swedish Jerks" for five minutes, trying to get a view of it the other way up, or sideways-on.

I stood near it.

I stood a long way off.

I counted the splashes in a given area.

I tried to count the number of complementary colours.

Then the baccy or something reacted,

The colours whirled in my head—green dominant; the corridor melted into the painting, and someone said, "Sit up and drink this!"

* * * * *

I stopped journalising things.

I decided to remain a Twirp.

Later on I wrote this.

It may get my initials into print again, anyhow!

R.J.D.

Reflections.

It makes him sad to think you do
The things he says you haven't to,
And though you're late he isn't strict, you're
Too much like a pretty "picture."
See him point with his umbrella
——— is a funny feller.

Here's another funny one,
Never knows the joke that's on,
Won't believe the talk about
Shops he goes to selling out.
"Too much care" is telling on
Our devoted ———

Hair is of a sunny hue
Eyes are grey. Her smile is too
Enchanting. Poets in ancient days
Were pretty lavish with their praise
Small wonder! if the maid of myth
Was half as fair as ———

"B—"

Correspondence.

Open Letter to "Gryphon" Committee.

DEAR COMMITTEE,

I should like, if I may, to air a few grievances. The *Gryphon*, I take it, being a University magazine, and bearing as it does a quotation on its title-page, has some pretences of being a literary organ. Very often it reminds me of a third rate parish magazine.

Let me explain:—

- (1) Seven columns devoted to Society notes is wasteful. The reports are too short to be of interest to the general reader, and anyhow the *Gryphon* isn't a notice board or a minute book.
- (2) The jamming of Medical School notes between the reports of two insignificant societies is absurd. The Medical School is the largest, and in many ways the most important School of the University. It only needs "notes" once a year; which notes should be at the beginning of the magazine, in a place of dignity.
- (3) Judging by the initials only one member of the Committee contributed a literary article to the last number of the magazine. And then, lo and behold, a cry arises for contributions. Something wrong with the head-quarter staff!

The magazine is becoming a thing of threads and patches. For goodness sake let us have a few pages of interesting literary contributions and less bad journalism. The *Daily Mail* is always with us, and a copy of *Punch* can be bought for threepence! No wonder the circulation is inadequate.

Seriously yours,

CONTRIBUTOR.

Through Leafless Boughs.

My woodland trees are gaunt and bare,
And stretch their withered arms,
In mute appeal to Winter, who
Has snatched away their charms.

The first rude frosty breath that came,
Has swept their leaves away,
In shrinking fluttering companies,
A russet gold array.

I stand beneath those empty boughs,
So lorn and so bereft;
I sigh for summer's leafage rich,
But not a leaf is left.

But as I upward glance, I see
Amid the boughs afar,
A lamp from God's own radiance lit,
A calm and steadfast star.

I sigh no more for summer leaves,
For winter boughs I love;
They let me see twixt branches bare,
That shining star above.

R.S.

DEPARTMENTAL NOTES.

Union Committee.

Tell-Tale.

	Attend- ances.	Max- imum.		Attend- ances.	Max- imum.
Miss Brown ..	4	4	Mr. Milnes ..	5	5
Mr. Chalmers ..	4	5	Mr. Moffatt ..	2	2
Prof. Connal ..	1	4	Mr. Mountford	5	5
Mr. Exley ..	4	5	Mr. Oates ..		5
Mr. Fletcher ..	1	1	Mr. Pickles ..	5	5
Prof. Gillespie ..	1	4	Mr. Sparling ..	1	1
Mr. Hawthorne ..	4	5	Mr. Umanski ..	3	5
Mr. Haythorne ..	5	5	Mr. Webster ..	4	5
Mr. Hughes ..	1	1	Mr. Wheeler ..	1	4
Miss Kirkwood ..	4	4	Miss Woodcock	4	4
Mr. Lambert ..	4	5			

Union Notes.

THE resignation of Mr. Milnes from his office of President of the Union, on November 4th, 1915, owing to his acceptance of a commission in His Majesty's Forces was received with much regret. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to him for the exceedingly capable and dignified way in which he had fulfilled his duties.

Mr. C. H. Lambert was elected President, and Mr. C. A. Mountford, Hon. Sec.

C. A. M., *Hon. Sec.*

The Union Musical Evening.

ON the whole the Musical Evening of October 29th was a very successful affair. Despite the density of the fog and the general inclemency of the weather, a gathering of something like two hundred assembled in the Great Hall. The attempt to produce the phenomenon known to us as "melting" was an undoubted success. The efficient work of the M.C.'s left little to be desired, and only the preponderance of the ladies prevented absolute success of the measure and we hope that further attempts will perfect the new idea.

The programme itself was something out of the ordinary. It is some time since we had such delightful items as vocal duets, violin solos and pianoforte duets, and we hope to be able to continue in the discovery of hitherto hidden talent. The singing and reciting was also of a very high order, and thanks are due to those who helped to make the programme so successful.

Literary and Historical Society.

ON Monday, November 15th, Miss Snowden read an interesting paper on "Emerson": we were given a real insight into a Puritan mind and the elaborate and illuminating quotations which Miss Snowden read to us, helped us to understand Emerson's purpose. Alas! There was no discussion.

On Monday, November 22nd, Miss Birch read a paper on "Galsworthy." This was the first paper

of the Session given by a Student, and our highest hopes were realised. Miss Birch refused to allow "Galsworthy" to be considered a pessimist and pleaded that he should be judged on his works as a whole. It is the old story, "Don't judge a sausage by its overcoat." There was an interesting discussion at this meeting, and it is hoped that discussions will be less rare in the future. D.J.H.

Cavendish Society.

ON Tuesday, October 26th, the Cavendish Society held its opening meeting, about 70 members being present. Professor Crowther, M.A., Ph.D., retiring President, occupied the Chair. Mr. Lowson, B.Sc., F.I.C., delivered the Presidential address on Wheat, Flour and Bread. Gluten is, we were told, the most important constituent of flour and the agent determining the quality of the loaf in many ways. The action of enzymes, converting starch into sugar is a matter which has attracted a good deal of attention. Diastase and invertase are enzymes and important factors in the transformation of flour into bread. In conclusion, Mr. Lowson, referring to the controversial subject of the relative nutritive values of white and whole meal bread, stated that on chemical grounds the general preference of white to brown bread is to a great extent justified.

The second ordinary meeting of the Society was held on Tuesday, November 9th, when Dr. S. A. Shorter read a paper on "Emulsification and Detergent Action," the President in the Chair. The lecturer explained the principles of emulsification and the nature of Detergent Action, particularly in the case of common detergent soap. The lecture was much enjoyed by all, who realised its value, in that it was given by one of the greatest authorities and original workers on the subject. C.A.M.

Social Study Society.

THE third meeting of the Society was held on November 5th, when Miss I. O. Ford delivered a racy discourse on "Women and Internationalism." First-hand information as to the constitution and behaviour of European congresses was imparted to the audience, who no less enjoyed the adventures of the textile delegates, entrusted by their loving wives to the chaperonage of the speaker.

On November 19th, Mr. Silverman gave a paper on "Labour Unrest and the War." Various phases of the recent social discontent were touched upon, while thoughts for the future were also expressed. A small discussion followed.

Triolet.

Mist and stars above the sea,
And your dear head on my shoulder;
Just the sea gulls, you and me,
Mist and stars above the sea;
If time would only cease to be,
And the world would grow no older;
Mist and stars above the sea,
And your dear head on my shoulder. P.

Leeds University Union.—Statement of Accounts, 1914-15.

RECEIPTS.				EXPENDITURE.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Union Subscriptions	500	19	4	Rugby Football (materials)	1	2	0
Hon. Members' Subscriptions	16	5	6	Association Football (materials)	2	12	6
Grazing of Field (less Agreement Stamp				Cricket (materials)	1	13	0
Is.)	4	9	0	Women's Hockey	6	17	10
Bank Interest	1	7	5	Lawn Tennis	9	6	1
Musical Evenings and Re-union	2	1	8	Fives Court Repairs	1	16	0
				Gymnasium—	£	s.	d.
	£525	2	11	Instructors	58	1	10
				Materials, Repairs, &c.	17	1	5
					75	3	3
				Men's Common Rooms, College Road	16	13	6
				" " " Medical School	17	10	0
				Women's " " College Road	9	1	0½
				" " " Medical School	1	6	4
				S.R.C. Grant	4	0	0
				Team and Union Photographs	1	15	0
				Piano for Women's Rooms, 2nd instalment	8	8	0
				Debating Society	9	0	5
				Swimming Club	0	10	6
				General Union Printing, Postages, &c.	15	10	4
				Freshmen's Smoker	3	14	0
				Conversazione Deficit	3	1	11
				Pavilion and Field—	£	s.	d.
				Machines Repaired	3	17	0
				Repairs and Sundries	5	18	10½
					9	15	10½
				Hire of Horse	5	0	0
				Groundsmen, Wages	149	5	0
				Rates and Taxes	6	0	11
				Insurance, Fire and Accident	2	0	0
				" Stamps	1	6	0
				Tithe Rent	2	6	5
				Gas	0	13	2
				Electric Light	1	9	2
				Water	3	5	9
					£370	4	0
Balance in hand, October, 1914	83	13	0½	Balance	£154	18	11
Balance on Year 1914-15	154	18	11				
					£525	2	11
Balance, October, 1915	£238	11	11½				

Examined and found correct, A. E. WHEELER.

4th December, 1915.

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